

DIALOGUE

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UPON

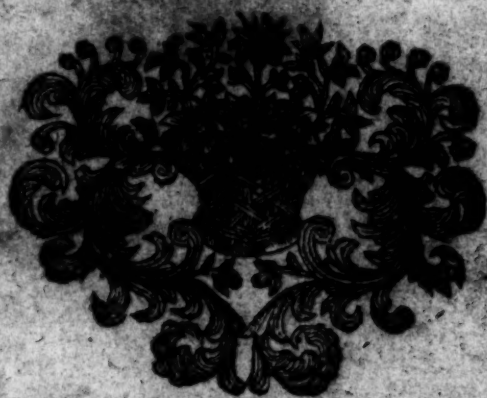
COLOURING.

Translated from the Original French
of Monsieur *du Pile*, Printed at *Paris*.

Necessary for all Limners and Painters.

By Mr. OZELL.

KL
Piles R. de



L O N D O N :

Printed for DANIEL BROWN, at the *Black Swan* without
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Price Six Pence.

DIALOGUE

UPON

COLORING

Transacted between the Honorable
the Members of the House of Commons

and the Members of the House of Lords



Printed for D. Bland, at the Black Swan, in
St. Dunstons Church-yard, in the Strand.
1756.

DIALOGUE

UPON

COLOURING.

P *Amphilus* and *Damon*, some time since; after the breaking up of the *Academy* of Painting, not knowing how to dispose of themselves the remainder of the Day, thought fit to give Me a visit: And as they are Men of Merit, and not only Lovers, but very good Judges, of Art, I thought I cou'd no way better acknowledge their Civility, than by shewing them some Pictures and other Curiosities I had receiv'd the Day before from *Rome*. The first I shew'd 'em were five or six Pictures of a middling size, which they were mightily pleas'd with; and afterwards, upon my pointing to a large *Bacchanal* (a Picture representing the Feasts of *Bacchus*) which an ingenious Man had copied for me after *Titian*; behold (cried *Da-*

mon abruptly) the Subject of our Quarrel ! and turning towards *Pamphilus*, this I hope will please you, said he, since you are such a Lover of fine Colouring.

It is true, said *Pamphilus*, I am sensibly touch'd with the Beauties I see in that Picture, and am heartily vex'd that the generality of Painters will not so much as endeavour to discover them, in order to practise them.

May I be the Judge of your difference, interrupted I, pray what is your Quarrel ?

We just now left the Academy, reply'd *Pamphilus*, and in our way hither, *Damon* and I entertain'd our selves with what had pass'd at the Conference.

I presently thought, since my Picture of *Titian* was the occasion of reviving the Dispute, that the Academy had been treating of Colouring. I desir'd 'em to impart to me what they had heard in that Conference (which they readily granted) and to engage 'em to it the more, I kept them to Sup with me ; in the mean while we went through all the Curiosities that had been sent me. At Table we talk'd of nothing but News, but drawing afterwards nearer the Fire, I put 'em in mind of their Promise ; *Damon* said, that in order to let me into the whole thing, and to give me the more Pleasure, he wou'd take it up from the beginning and wou'd do it by way of Dialogue ; that *Pamphilus*, if he pleas'd, shou'd be the Respondent ; and he himself wou'd make what Objections he cou'd

you'd think of against the Merit of *Colouring*, which had been the Subject of the Conference in the Academy; (for *Pamphilus* you must know was an extreme Lover of that part of Painting). I signify'd my Thoughts that it would be the best way in the World; and *Pamphilus* yielding to it, *Damon* with his Eye on him began thus.

Pray, says he, let me first of all ask you, what it is you call *Colouring*?

It is, answers *Pamphilus*, a part of Painting by which the Painter knows how to imitate the Colour of all natural Objects, and to give to artificial ones that Colour which is the most advantageous to 'em for deceiving the Sight.

And pray what do you call *Colour*? proceeds *Damon*.

To answer you like a Painter, says *Pamphilus*, and to let alone Philosophical Disputes, namely, whether it be any thing real, or whether it be only the Refraction of Light with the Modification of the Body coloured: I say, *Colour* is what renders the Object sensible to the Sight. Now as Painters are to consider two sorts of Objects; the Natural or that which is true, and the Artificial or that which is painted; they ought likewise to consider two sorts of Colours, the Natural and Artificial. The Natural Colour is that which renders actually visible to us all the Objects which are in Nature; and the Artificial is the Materials which Painters make use of to imitate those Objects: And in this sense we may call those artificial Colours which are

on the Painter's Palette, since it is only by the Artifice of their Mixture, that the Colour of Natural Objects can be imitated. A Painter ought to have a perfect Knowledge of these two sorts of Colours; the Natural, that he may know what he is to imitate; and the Artificial, to make a Composition and a Teint capable of perfectly representing the natural Colour. He shou'd likewise know that in the Natural Colour there is the true Colour of the Object, the reflected Colour, and the Colour of the Light: And among the artificial Colours, he ought to know those which have a Friendship together (if I may so say) and those which have an Antipathy; he shou'd know the value of 'em separately, as also comparatively with each other.

But what signifies it to know this Friendship and this Antipathy of Colours, reply'd *Damon*, since all that is to be done, is, by the mixture of artificial Colours, to imitate those that are natural to the Object before us.

Nature, replied *Pamphilus*, is not always fit to imitate; a Painter must chuse her according to the Rules of his Art, and if he does not find her such as he expects, he must correct what is before him. And as the (*Designer or Drawer*) does not imitate all he sees in a faulty Model, but on the contrary, in the Proportions and the Colours where he finds it most convenient, he alters the Faults he meets with: So the Painter should not imitate all the Colours that present

sent themselves indifferently; he ought only to chuse those that he likes, to which (if he thinks fit) he adds others that may produce such an effect as he fancies, for the Beauty of his Work; he not only endeavours to render every particular Object Beautiful, Natural and True, but he likewise studies the Union of all together; sometimes he takes from the Vivacity of Nature, and at other times he adds to the Lustre and Strength of the Colours he meets with.

I know very well, said *Damon*, that the Faults of Nature shou'd be corrected, but I did not think it ought to be carry'd so far as to give her more Vivacity or Strength than she seems to have when the *Painter* imitates her.

But what will you say, cried *Pamphilus*, if I shall prove, that this Strength and Vivacity you speak of, tend only to the more perfect imitating of Nature? and that the Pieces where this is wanting, are weak and penurious. To be satisfied therefore of this, you must consider, that a Picture is a flat Superficies, That the Colours cease to have their first Freshness some time after they are laid on; and lastly, That the Distance of the Picture causes it to lose some of its Lustre and Strength; and that therefore it is impossible to supply these three things without Artifice. A good *Painter* ought not to be a Slave to Nature; he ought to be her Arbiter and judicious Imitator; and provided a Picture has its Effect and imposes agreeably

greatly on the Eye, it is all that can be expected from it.

I see, said *Damon*, you wou'd have a *Painter* let nothing escape him that is for the farther Advantage of his Art.

Most certainly, replied *Pamphilus*, and you are very sensible a Picture cannot be perfect if one of the parts of Painting be wanting; and that a Painter is not a Master of his Art if he is ignorant of any one of the Parts that compose it. I should therefore as soon blame a Painter for neglecting the *Colouring*, as for not *Disposing* his Figures so advantageously as he might have done, or for *Drawing* them ill.

It is certain, replied *Damon*, that a Work is never perfect, so long as there is any thing wanting; but will you have the *Colouring* to be as necessary a part of Painting as the *Drawing*?

Why not, says *Pamphilus*, do you not know that you destroy the whole if you take away a part, especially a part that is so essential to its Whole, as is that of *Colouring* to the Art of Painting?

If I apprehend you right, replied *Damon*, you mean that all Objects falling under the Sight no otherwise than by the Colour, and being distinguish'd from each other only by that, they ought to be imitated in their Colour as well as in their exterior Form: and I grant it. But what will you say when I shall shew you some Pictures of *Polydore de Caravage*, which are reckon'd very excellent Pieces of Paint-

Painting, though they are only Painted in one and the same Colour, in *claro-obscuro*? (black and white.)

It is true, said *Pamphilus*, those are very fine Pieces; but it is as true, that they are no true Works of Painting, and are very far from deceiving the Sight: For you your self grant, that to imitate Nature, we ought to imitate her as she appears to us, and that she appears to us no otherwise than under the semblances of Colour.

But, proceeds *Damon*, though a Piece be but of one and the same Colour, yet if the Lights and Shades are so well manag'd as to look like a piece of Sculpture, what will you say then?

I shall then say there's nothing wanting, reply'd *Pamphilus*, but it is a true piece of Painting; since in the Design and Colour it will imitate a work of Sculpture which you suppose. The Beauty of Colouring does not consist in a multiplicity of different Colours, but in their just distribution, so that the painted Objects have the same Colour as the true; a painted Stone for example to resemble a natural one; Carnation to appear true Flesh; and in a word, that not only each particular Object do perfectly represent the Colour of those it imitates; but that they altogether make an agreeable Union throughout the whole Piece.

Since we are upon Works of *Claro-obscuro*, interrupted *Damon*, pray tell me under what

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part of Painting do you comprehend the knowledge of Lights and Shades?

Under *Colouring*, reply'd *Pamphilus*, since in Nature Light and Colour are inseparable; since wherever there is Light there is Colour; and wherever you find Colour, you will likewise there find Light. Thus *Colouring* comprehends two things; the local Colour, and the *Claro-obscuro*. The local Colour is that which is natural to each Object, and which the Painter ought to improve by comparison; and the knowledge of this comprehends likewise the knowledge of the Nature of Colours; that is to say, their Union and their Antipathy.

The *Claro-obscuro* is the Art of distributing, to advantage, the Lights and Shades, not only upon the particular Objects, but likewise upon the general Picture. This Artifice, which but few Painters have been Masters of, is the most powerful means of setting off the local Colours, and the whole Composition of a Picture.

I am of your Opinion, reply'd *Damon*, and do think that a Painter is very far advanced in the part of *Colouring*, when he well understands the Lights; and yet, what wou'd make one fancy that this Knowledge depends upon Drawing, is that we call by the name of Draught or Design a work in black and white, where the Lights and Shades are observ'd; and I have seen several done in this manner by *Rubens*, which wrought a marvellous Effect, and which were call'd by no other Name.

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[II]

They shou'd be call'd so, reply'd *Pamphilus*; since it is the Custom, and we have no other Terms to explain our selves by. But the Name of *Design*, which is given them, is not what is suitable to one of the Parts of Painting. *Design* is very equivocal, and is taken different ways, which may be reduc'd to three; as *M. Felibien* has done in his *Discourses upon the Lives of the Painters*. By *Design* we sometimes mean the Will of doing or saying something; and in this Sense such a one is said to come upon a good or bad *Design*. We likewise call *Design* by the Name of the Fancy or Thought of a Picture, which the Painter describes upon Paper or Canvas, in order to judge of the Effect of the Work he is meditating; and thus not only a Sketch may be call'd by that Name, but likewise a Work that is well contriv'd as to Lights and Shades, or even a well-colour'd Picture. In this manner it was that *Rubens* made almost all his *Designs*; and thus too were made those you speak of. Lastly, we call by the Name of *Design* the exact Measures, the Proportions, and the exterior Forms, which those Objects ought to have that are imitated after the Life. And it is in this last Sense we understand the *Design*, which is one of the Parts of Painting. Thus when we add Lights and Shades to the *Contours* (Turn or Compass of a Figure) we cannot do it without the Black and the White, which are two of the principal Colours Painters use, the Knowledge whereof is comprised under that of all the Colours, which is nothing else but the *Colouring*. Do you

think, replied *Damon*, that every body will allow the part of Painting call'd *Design*, to be only the Proportions and the Countours?

It must be allow'd, said *Pamphilus*.

Suppose, continues *Damon*, some Body shou'd maintain it to be that second sort of *Design* which you just now defin'd; namely, the Fancy or Thought of a greater Picture under Meditation; whether the Fancy be only in slight *Crayon*, or express'd by the *Claro Obscuro*, or by all the Colours which are to make up the great Work, of which it self is the Essay and Abstract?

Then, replied *Pamphilus*, I shou'd say that the *Design* wou'd be no longer one of the Parts of Painting, but wou'd be the Whole: since it wou'd contain not only the Lights and Shades, but likewise the *Colouring*, and even the Invention: and then there wou'd be a Necessity to agree upon some new Terms, and your *Mr. Some-body* shou'd be ask'd how he wou'd have that part of *Design* call'd which finds the Objects that compose an History, and how likewise he wou'd have that other Part of *Design* called which distributes the Colours, the Lights, and the Shades. Thus you see it's no matter how things are call'd, so they be understood and their Name agreed upon; this is a Point you know very well ought never to be disputed.

I rather think, cry'd *Damon*, that instead of studying for new Terms (which wou'd be troublesome to get acquainted with) it wou'd be better to stick to those that have been long since agreed upon.

But

But whilst I think of it, I will not let you run away with the Reason you gave, to prove that the understanding of the Lights depended upon the Colouring: It is, say you, because in Nature the one is inseparable from the other. And may not the same thing be said of Drawing, since without Light the Eye cannot see, in Nature, the Contours nor the Proportions of Figures.

Did you never hear, says *Pamphilus*, of a certain blind Sculptor, who made Portraits of Wax very much resembling the Life?

I have not only heard of him, reply'd *Damon*, but saw him at *Rome*, and discours'd with him several times. He was of *Cambassi* in *Tuscany*. A well made handsome Man, and seem'd to be about fifty Years of Age; he had a great deal of Wit and good Sense, lov'd to talk, and did it very agreeably. One Day, among others, meeting with him in the *Justinian* Palace as he was copying a Statue of *Minerva*, I took occasion to ask him, if he did not see a little, to copy so exactly as he did? He reply'd he saw nothing at all, and that his Eyes were at his Fingers ends. But how is it possible, said I to him, for you that are stark blind to do such beautiful things? Sir (said he) my way is this; I feel my Original again and again, I attentively examine the Dimensions, the Risings, and the Fallings; I imprint them in my Memory; then I take my Wax, and by the Comparison which I make of one and the other by carrying my Hand to and again several times, I finish my Work in the best manner I can. To speak Truth,
I ve-

I verily believe he had no use at all of his Sight; since the Duke of *Bracciano*, for a Trial, caus'd him to do his Portrait in a very dark Dungeon, and it was mighty well approv'd of, and very resembling. But tho' it was admir'd by all who saw it, yet it was objected to the Workman, that the Duke's Beard was a very great help towards making it like; and that he cou'd not have done it so easily, if he was to have imitated a Face without a Beard; *Why then give me another*, says he. They propos'd to him to do the Portrait of one of the Dutchess's Maids of Honour; he undertook it, and did it extremely resembling. I have seen, of this Man's doing, a Portrait of the late King of *England*, and likewise of Pope *Urban* the 8th, both copy'd from Marble, well finish'd, and very like.

Without going any farther, interrupts *Pamphilus*, we have at *Paris* a Portrait of his Hand.

You mean, I suppose, the late *M. Hesselin's*, reply'd *Damon*.

The same, said *Pamphilus*; and *M. Hesselin* was so well satisfied with it, and thought the thing so wonderful, that he begg'd this illustrious blind Man to sit for his Picture, that he might carry it into *France* with him. I once saw that Picture, and observ'd the Painter had put an Eye on the Tip of each Finger, to shew that those he had elsewhere were utterly useless to him. To conclude, continues *Pamphilus*, you see by this that to judge of the *Countours*, it is not always necessary for the Eyes to see them, 'tis enough if the Hands

Hands touch 'em ; and indeed there is no body who, in the greatest Darkness, is not sensible of the Contours of a Man or of a Statue, and that cannot judge of the Eminence and Cavities by the Feeling only ; whereas it is impossible to see any Colour, or to judge thereof without Light.

It must be granted, reply'd *Damon* ; but you see too by the History of this Blind Man, that his Art, which wholly consisted in the designing Part, had given him the Means of satisfying his Mind, and of comforting himself in some sort for the Loss he had suffer'd of so precious a Sense as the Sight ; and that if he had been a Painter, he would have been depriv'd of that Consolation.

It is, reply'd *Pamphilus*, because the Colour and Light are only the Object of the Sight, and that *Designing* is the Object of Feeling, as I have already told you. I own, that Purity and Delicacy of Drawing is what charms me extremely ; but you will likewise own, that without the Colouring, which is the other Essential Part of the Art, the Contour cannot represent any Object as we see it in Nature.

I imagin'd, proceeds *Damon*, that the Colouring was in Painting no more than an *Integrating* part, (as the Philosophers speak) which renders the whole more entire and perfect : Just as we consider an Arm, or a Leg, or any other Part, without which a Man is still a Man, tho' less entire and less perfect ; and thus, without the Colouring a Picture does not cease to be a Work of Painting, though a less perfect one. I see,

I see, says *Pamphilus*, you have never consider'd what Painting is, and are ignorant of its Definition, *An Art, which by the means of exterior Form and Colours imitates, upon a flat Superficies, all the Objects that fall under the Sense of Seeing.* This, in my Opinion, is a just Definition, since it gives a perfect Idea of Painting, and distinguishes it from all other Arts.

I confess, said *Damon*, I never well consider'd it.

Now if you mind, said *Pamphilus*, you will see, that the Colouring is not only an essential part of Painting, but is likewise its *Difference*; and consequently the part that makes the Painter; as *Reason*, which is the Difference of Man, is what makes Man.

And what will become of Drawing, reply'd *Damon*?

Drawing, answers *Pamphilus*, still holds its Place, since it is an essential part of Painting, without which Painting cannot subsist, any more than *Colouring*.

In short, says *Damon*, you would have *Drawing* to be the Genus of Painting, and *Colouring* to be its *Difference*.

Right, said *Pamphilus*; for the Genus, you know, communicates its self to several Species, and for that Reason is less noble than the *Difference*, which is a Prerogative proper to its single Species; and thus the Degree of *Animal*, which is the Genus of Man, communicates it self indifferently to Man and Beast, and the Degree of

Rational, which is the *Difference* of Man, is communicated to Man only.

To what other Arts, reply'd *Damon*, would you have *Drawing* to communicate it self?

To Carving, replies *Pamphilus*, to Graving, to Architecture, and to other Arts which give Measure and Proportion.

But the *Design* of a Sculptor, reply'd *Damon*, is not the same as that of a Painter; for the one is *Geometrical*, and the other *Perspective*.

I answer you first, said *Pamphilus*, that the different manner of Communication does not hinder the thing from communicating. Secondly, it is certain, that the *Design* of the Sculptor and Painter is the same essentially; that both are founded on certain Proportions; and what is in *Perspective* may be measur'd like what is *Geometrical*: And lastly, it is manifest, that Sculptors make use of *Perspective* in their *Basso relievos*, as Painters do in their Pictures.

I agree, said *Damon*, that *Designing* is communicated to several sorts of Arts; but may it not be said, that Colour likewise communicates it self in the same manner, and that *Tapistry-makers* and *Dyers* use it as well as Painters?

As for *Tapistry-work*, reply'd *Pamphilus*, I don't think it differs from that of Painting; *Tapistry-makers*, like Painters, represent the Colours and Forms which are in Nature. Their Colours are fix'd in the Wooll, as the Painters Colours are to the Clay or Minerals, which they make use of; and this Difference of Materials,

you know, is never essential. As for the Objection of Dyers, you might have spar'd that, and not have brought Dyers into the same Question with Painters; however, you shall be answer'd. Dyers, it is true, understand something of *Colours*, but not *Colouring*, which is now under debate. That part of Painting, which is call'd *Colouring*, goes often by the Name of *Colour*; 'tis commonly us'd so; and this Ambiguity occasion'd your making that Objection concerning the Dyers; and yet there is a great deal of difference between *Colour* and *Colouring*; and I have shewn you, that *Colouring* is not, either White, or Black, or Yellow, or Blue, or any such like Colour; but the *understanding* of these same Colours, which the Painter makes use of, to imitate natural Objects; and this Understanding the Dyers have not.

However, reply'd *Damon*, you must grant me, that *Drawing* is the Foundation of *Colouring*; that it supports it; that *Colouring* depends upon it; whereas It does not depend upon *Colouring*, since *Drawing* may subsist without *Colouring*, but *Colouring* cannot without *Drawing*.

Supposing all this to be so, says *Pamphilus*, what would you infer from it?

That *Drawing*, reply'd *Damon*, is more necessary, more considerable, and more noble than *Colouring*?

You are not aware, continued *Pamphilus*, that whatever you think you have been saying in Favour of *Drawing*, concludes nothing to its Advantage,

vantage, in prejudice of *Colouring*. On the contrary, you thereby shew, that *Drawing* alone is something imperfect with respect to *Painting*; for though *Drawing* is the Foundation of *Colouring* and subsists before it; yet it does so, only that it may receive its whole Perfection from it: Nor is it surprizing, that the *Receiver* should have its Being and subsist before what is to be *Received*. It is the same with all *Matter*, which is to be Dispos'd, before it receives its Perfection from substantial Forms. The Body of Man, for Example, ought to be entirely form'd and organiz'd before the Soul be receiv'd into it. And in this Method it was that God made the first Man; He took Earth, he form'd a Body of it, he endu'd it with all the necessary Dispositions, then he created the Soul, which he infus'd therein for the perfecting of it and for making with it, MAN.

This Body did not at all depend on the Soul for Subsistence, since it was prior to the Soul; and yet sure you won't argue, that the Body was the most noble and the most considerable part of Man. Nature, and consequently Art, which is her Imitator, always begins with the least perfect things; thus we *Sketch* before we *Finish*.

As to *more* or *less* necessary, I have already told you, that to compose a Whole the Parts are equally necessary; it is no Man, if the Soul be not join'd to the Body; so neither is it *Painting* if the *Colouring* be not join'd to the *Drawing*.

I readily grant, reply'd *Damon*, that Colouring is as necessary to *Painting* as Drawing is: but you must likewise grant me that the latter is more necessary to a *Painter*.

Yes, reply'd *Pamphilus*, to a Painter that is for dispatching a great deal of Work without troubling himself to finish it, and is indifferent whether he gives full Satisfaction to the Eye or no. I will further own that it is, to such a one, more necessary, that is to say more useful than *Colouring*, in regard there are more frequent Occasions to make use of it than of *Colouring*. It is very often instrumentally necessary in most Arts: and with respect to its great Utility, I shall, with you, esteem it more than *Colouring*, just as I wou'd a large Diamond much more than a Plant, tho' the least Plant that grows is more noble and valuable in its self than all the precious Stones put together.

Every body is for Profit, reply'd *Damon* smiling, and things are presently kenn'd on that side. No wonder then since Drawing is more practis'd and consequently more useful in the World, it is generally more esteem'd. But for all that I cannot help telling you plainly, that to me there is a Nobleness in a fine Draught that is perfectly charming.

To be serious with you, reply'd *Pamphilus*, I do think that a fine Draught ought to charm a Mind of a good Make; for as much as it expresses Part of the Motions of the Soul, which are to it instead of *Colouring*, and give it a sort of a very agreeable

agreeable Life. But in all this there is nothing but what the Sculptor can do; and if we consider these things with regard to a Work of Painting, they will still continue imperfect without the help of *Colouring*, which sets the Painter above the Sculptor, and gives the painted Objects a more perfect resemblance of the true.

You say that fine Drawing charms the Mind, cry'd *Damon*; and is it not better to charm the Mind, than the Eyes?

When a fine Draught, reply'd *Pamphilus*, charms the Eyes of the *Mind*, it is only thro' those of the *Body* for which Painting is immediately made.

If you were to have your choice of two Pictures, interrupted I, which wou'd you take, that which is better *Drawn* than *Colour'd*, or that which is better *Colour'd* than *Drawn*?

You may well believe, replies *Pamphilus*, after what I have said of *Colouring*, I shou'd prefer that where the *Colouring* is best, provided the Drawing be not very bad indeed. And my Reason is, because Drawing is to be met with in other things besides Pictures. It is to be met with in Graving, in Statues, and in *Basso-relievo's*, without reckoning that it is likewise to be found in Nature itself: but a beautiful Mastery of Colours is rarely to be met with, and in a very small Number of Pictures. Thus were I to make a Collection, I wou'd chuse all sorts of Pieces wherein I saw Beauty in any part whatever; but I shou'd always prefer *Titian's* before any other, for the Reason I just now gave.

And

And which of those two Painters, continued I, would you have chosen to have been, *Raphael* or *Titian*?

You puzzle me, reply'd *Pamphilus*; let me study a little.

I did not think you cou'd have hesitated thus, cry'd I, after what you have been saying.

I would rather have chosen to have been *Raphael*, continued *Pamphilus*, but think *Titian* the greater Painter.

I understand you, said I, that is to say, *Raphael*, besides the Correctness of his Drawing, had several other Talents, and all this together pleases you more than *Titian's* Colouring.

I own, said *Pamphilus*, I am still a little doubtful: yet the Correctness of *Raphael's* Drawing, the Elegance of his Contours, his manner of Drapery, his Expressions so touching, the Easiness of his Genius, his noble rich and luxuriant Compositions, the Greatness Simplicity and Probability of his Attitudes; in a word, the Beauties that are spread throughout all his Works, make me prefer him to *Titian*.

How! to *Titian*, cry'd *Damon*, the greatest Painter, according to you, that ever was, or perhaps ever will be.

I own it, said *Pamphilus*; but *Raphael*, besides all the Advantages I just now mention'd, was, * towards the End of his Life, enter'd into the understanding of Lights and Shades, and had already made so great a Progress in Colouring, that he

* *Raphael dy'd about 37 Years of Age.*

wou'd soon have been possess'd of that part in its highest Perfection; and I am perswaded had I been a *Raphael*, I shou'd in a short time have been a *Titian* too.

It seems, interrupted I, that the generality of Painters are not much of the Opinion that *Colouring* is so necessary as you represent it; for their Works do not extremely much declare their being pleas'd with that part, or that they are very solicitous to practise it.

How shou'd they practise it, said *Pamphilus*, since they are ignorant of it (I mean the greatest part of 'em) and how shou'd they love what they were never acquainted with?

It is certain, reply'd I, that they stick much more to *Drawing*.

They do so, reply'd *Pamphilus*; but not with over much Success for all that (by what I see;) nor am I without grounds to doubt, whether they know all the Principles even of That.

How can you say so, reply'd *Damon*; since we see them draw with so much ease after a Model?

As much ease as you please, says *Pamphilus*; but take my word for't 'tis as much as they can do to give a Reason for what they draw.

They do what they see, said *Damon*.

But suppose they don't know what they see, reply'd *Pamphilus* —

They must certainly know it, continu'd *Damon*, at the time of their Drawing.

I tell you they don't know it, continues *Pamphilus*; for this Knowledge depends partly upon
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Anatomy, and there are very few of 'em who understand that.

I wonder at it, replied I, for it is not; after all, so difficult a thing, since every little Chirurgion will learn in a Month more than what is requisite for a Painter.

It's true, said *Pamphilus*, but, (without considering, that, by the Help of Anatomy, they would save a great deal of time which they spend in a blind Practice of Drawing,) they stick to a kind of a Rote, which it is impossible for 'em to give any Reason for. I agree that towards making a skilful Draught's-Man there must go a great deal of Practice; but such *Practice* is good for nothing if it be not grounded upon *Speculation*. If you were to go to *Rome*, continued he with his Eye on me, you wou'd not only take Care to get a good Horse, but you wou'd likewise be willing to know the distance of Places, and all the Roads you were to take.

It is true, said I, otherwise I should never get thither without the greatest Hazard in the World.

But why don't the Painters instruct their Disciples in that Science? pursued I.

It must be understood well to be taught well, answer'd *Pamphilus*, and I should be loath to undertake for their Capacity in that Particular.

At least, replied I, they ought to advise them to the Study of it, and represent its Necessity.

The

The most sensible, says he to me, do so, to second the King's Intentions, who, to make Painting flourish in his Kingdom, established an Academy of that noble Art, and was pleas'd that, among the Professors whom he gives Pensions to, there should be one especially to teach Anatomy, which is a considerable Advantage to the Painters of our Nation; yet with this proviso, That the Professor be a Painter, and knows how to accomodate Anatomy to Painting. For a Chirurgion would sooner give Painters an Aversion for that Science than readily instruct them in it.

It is certain, said *Damon*, by what I lately heard from one of the ablest Men of that Academy, things never were more favourably dispos'd in any part of the World, for making excellent Painters, than they are at this Day in our *France*.

So then, you are of Opinion, continued he, that Anatomy is one of the Principles of Drawing, with which, Learners, that frequent the Academy, ought to begin.

Unquestionably, said *Pamphilus*, if they desire to become able Men, and have in other respects what is requisite for that purpose.

I know, very well, replied *Damon*, we must suppose a knack of the Hand, and an easiness in imitating with a *Crayon* whatever is set before their Eyes.

That is not enough, said *Pamphilus*, they must likewise have a good Taste, and a know-

ledge of beautiful Proportions for the correcting of Nature, which is commonly niggardly and defective.

I know some Painters, interrupted *Damon*, who in my Opinion have a great manner in Drawing, and yet do not look upon Anatomy, as necessary for well drawing.

It is certain, said *Pamphilus*, that it requires a great Discretion; which depends upon well knowing the Office of the Muscles, but it is as certain, that without this Science, what is very often called a great manner is good for nothing but to dazle the Eyes of the Ignorant. Those you speak of have perhaps been touch'd with some strong Places which they observ'd in the Antiques; they thought they could not do better than to retain 'em; they apply 'em upon all Occasions, without knowing whether the Action requires it; they even exaggerate those Places so much the more as that they think thereby to gain greater Admiration for their own Works, and more esteem for themselves; and this is what they call Designing with a Grand Taste, and in a Great Manner.

Few People stand upon that, replied *Damon*, and it is after all allow'd to be very well.

Because few People know any thing of the matter, replied *Pamphilus*; and in truth many a one, that is rapt with Admiration at those fine Antiques, and wou'd fain pass for a great Critick, is often very far from knowing the Reason of the Beauties he admires.

But

But do you think, pursues *Damon*, that all the Painters of Reputation were so knowing in Anatomy?

Not all, replied *Pamphilus*, but the best of 'em; for you know there are Genio's so happy as to learn every thing, without any other Rule but that of their own good Sense, with a certain natural Light which causes them to follow what is well, and to avoid what is ill. And this by Methods which are constantly unknown to 'em at first, and which afterwards serve 'em instead of Rules, which they establish to themselves by their own proper Experience: But as it is next to impossible for 'em to be sure of their Experience, so neither can they be sure of their Rules: Whereas the Principle I speak of is an infallible Road to acquire, in Drawing, a very masterly and very solid manner. And if you wou'd be convinc'd of it, take but the Pains to read some of the Painters Lives, who flourish'd in the time of *Leo* the Tenth, and *Francis* the First, and you will find that those who had most Knowledge in the Drawing part, attain'd to it by the help of Anatomy.

Ah! interrupted *Damon* sighing, you speak of an Age very different from ours; the Painters of that time work'd for Reputation, and now the Generality of 'em consider nothing but heaping up Money, and yet fail not to fancy themselves very great Men.

And therein it is that their Distemper is desperate, replied *Pamphilus*, since they are not

sensible how sick they are. But, adds he, what do you think of me for talking to you thus of Painters?

We know, said *Damon*, you speak from your Heart, and say nothing but what you think. But when you speak of 'em in this manner, you do not take in all?

God forbid, replied *Pamphilus*; you know we are acquainted with some very ingenious ones, and others who make great Advances in the Road of Perfection, which they have happily struck into.

But pray tell me, continu'd I? what do you take to be the reason of that Indifference the Generality of Painters have for fine Colouring?

It proceeds in my Opinion from several Causes, said *Pamphilus*. I have already told you, that it is not common for Men to esteem a thing or to have it at Heart, when they do not understand it, and that there are but few Painters who understand this part of Painting. One wou'd think to hear you talk, cry'd I, that Colouring was a very difficult thing.

More difficult than you imagine, said he to me; and all I have to say to you on this Subject, is, that for near three Hundred Years since Painting was reviv'd, we can hardly reckon six Painters that have been good Colourists; whereas we may reckon up at least thirty who have been very good Draughtsmen. The Reason is, because Drawing has Rules founded upon proportion,

portion, upon Anatomy, and upon a continual Experience of the same thing; whereas Colouring has not yet any well known Rules: and the *Experience* that is made in it, being almost always different, because of the different Subjects that are handled, cou'd never yet be able to establish any very certain and precise Rules for it.

What, replies *Damon*, has Colouring no Rules?

I do not say so, answers *Pamphilus*, but only that they are not much known.

Do you think, continued *Damon*, that *Titian* and other good Colourists did not understand these Rules?

I believe, said *Pamphilus*, that they knew the best part of them; but *Giorgion*, *Titian*, *Rubens* and *Vandike*, more than the others.

Nay, said *Damon*, what they have left us are so many publick Books, which may serve for the Instruction of all Painters, who need do no more than examine their Works well, copy them for some considerable Time, and make such Remarks thereupon, as may be thought necessary for their own Improvement.

That is not all, replied *Pamphilus*; a great many Painters have done what you speak of without any success.

Pray then, replied *Damon*, let us know which way wou'd you have them go to Work?

In the manner you prescribe, said *Pamphilus*: But besides that, they must have a Turn of
Mind

Mind to make Advantage of every thing, to observe nothing but what is worth Observation, and to penetrate into the true Causes of those Effects that are admir'd. You said very well, that those great Mens Works were Books which contain'd the Precepts of Colouring. But do you not know, that all sorts of Persons are not capable of understanding all Books and improving by them, especially such difficult Books as those are? There are Painters who have copyed *Titian* for many Years together, who have examin'd him with Care, and made all the Reflections they were capable of; and yet, not having made those they shou'd have done, they have never comprehended him, and therefore it is that the Copies which they made with all the Care that was possible, and which they fancy'd to be with great Exactness, are still very short of the Conduct is visible in the Originals.

Was not *Poussin* said I, such a one? Speak ingeniously; for tho' he copied the Works of *Titian*, so much as he did, his own have not much of him.

Now you mention a Man, replied *Pamphilus*, whose memory will be ever dear to Posterity. He was so perfect a Master of Draught; he handled his Subjects so learnedly; in short, he knew so many other necessary parts of Painting, that he may be very well forgiven if the Pains he took in searching after fine Colouring did not succeed with him.

You

You own then, reply'd *Damon*, he did not comprehend the Artifice which is in *Titian's* Pieces.

Most certainly, said *Pamphilus*, and the greatest part of his Works confirm it.

It is very certain, that after he had copy'd *Titian's* Works, his own had something of 'em, but then it was only superficial; and if he had really comprehended the Maxims, the Finesses and Delicacies of *Titian*, he wou'd have made Advantage of 'em and certainly improv'd them; he had too much good Sense not to have done it. The same Spirit which made him conceive the Beauties of *Titian's* Works, in so much as to bend himself strenuously to copy them for the sake of the Colouring, I say, this same Spirit, far from making him depart from it, wou'd have caus'd him diligently to have cultivated it; had he penetrated into that part; and his last Pieces, which are the weakest in point of Colour, wou'd have been the strongest.

It may be said in answer to you, replied *Damon*, that *le Roussin* in his Beginning was suddenly attracted by the Strength which is seen in *Titian's* Pieces, that he suffer'd himself to be surpriz'd by the Charms of their Colouring, and for that reason used his utmost Endeavours to attain it; but, as he drew nearer to it, if one may so say, and his Studies having given him more Light, he found that Part to be dangerous (as some Phrase it) and of small Consequence

quence, and so concluded he ought to abandon it.

I reply, said *Pamphilus*, that the only Purpose of Painting is to surprize the Eye; that that which surprizes most is best; and if *Titian's* Colouring surpriz'd *Poussin*, his might have surpriz'd others, and therein he had done but what he ought to do. As for saying it is dangerous to Colour well, a sensible Man should not talk so; the Parts that compose an Art are equally necessary to its Perfection.

The Reason they assign'd, replied *Damon*, for confirming that it is dangerous, is that by tying one's self up to Colouring, we neglect Drawing, and the Charms of the One are apt to make us forget the Necessity of the Other.

Then, reply'd *Pamphilus*, the Fault is not in the Colouring, but in the Mind, which is not extensive enough to attend two things at once. It is not such Heads as these that Painting requires; she admits none into her good Graces but what are capable of embracing many Objects, or which are so well turn'd and have that good Conduct as to apply themselves only to things which will by degrees encrease their Knowledge. The new Studies which they undertake, don't make 'em at all forget those they have already pass'd thro'; on the contrary, they strengthen the one by the other, and endeavour to acquire them all, as the necessary Means to attain their Ends. Of this Make was the Mind of *Raphael*; the

Order

Order and Clearness with which he conceiv'd every thing, never suffer'd him to forget any thing: He continually added to his Ideas, and confirm'd his former Knowledge by a daily acquisition of new.

How, replied *Damon*? Do you think *le Poussin's* Capacity was not large enough for Painting?

I don't say so, replied *Pamphilus*: I rather believe that the Enquiries he so happily made into Drawing, into Antiquity, and into so many other fine things, wou'd not have caus'd him to have forgot the Artifice of Colouring, if he had once thoroughly conceiv'd it. Thus, tho', in order to be a favourite of Painting, it is necessary, as I said before, to have a Mind of a large Extent, or well turn'd, it does not follow that all who have such a Mind, shou'd equally receive at once all the Favours she is the Dispenser of. This Man she blesses with the Art of Designing; that with Colouring; on some she bestows Landskips, on others Living Creatures, or the like; and all these she either pours forth of her own accord, or grants to such as have merited them by the assiduous Court they have made.

But pray, says *Damon*, how comes this Knowledge of Colouring, which you say most Painters are without, to be so difficult for 'em to gain?

It is, replied *Pamphilus*, because they begin where they shou'd end, and hurry into Colouring before they are sufficiently grounded in

Drawing ; and their Ignorance in the latter, confounding them in the Practice of the other, is the occasion they attain to neither. It is likewise because young Persons, having at first taken up a bad Manner , get such a Habit, that, generally speaking , they never after break themselves of it. They have no other Models but their Masters Pieces , and such as are publick ; the first they naturally esteem, and insensibly feed their Mind with the sight of the latter. And this is the more easily done, for that these Works are the first Objects which present themselves to their Eyes and Mind. In short, it is this first Liquor, which being put into a Brand new Vessel, does so communicate its Smell to it, that notwithstanding all the Endeavours us'd against it, it is not quickly removed. Painters therefore, whose Minds have been thus embu'd, have two very difficult things to do ; first to get rid of their bad Manner , and next to take a good one ; but their Lives are often at an end before they have done so much as the first.

How happens that, said I ?

Because continued he, Custom is a second Nature ; and the Painter's Eye sees the natural Objects, colour'd, as he us'd to paint them. |

But what Means do you prescribe to shake it off, pursued I ?

For my part, said *Pamphilus*, I shou'd fancy (supposing 'em to be really desirous to be cur'd) they

they shou'd change from White to Black, and proceed for some time to the other Extreme.

Nor would it be amiss (pursued he jestingly) if the Authority of the Magistrate interpos'd, forbidding the Use of *Laque* and *Verditer* among the Painters for six Years.

That wou'd be going into Extremes indeed, reply'd *Damon*; I know a desperate Disease requires a desperate Cure; but how can they do without so necessary a Colour as *Laque*?

I don't debar 'em of it for ever, reply'd *Pamphilus*; they shou'd come to it again, as a Man just got out of a Fit of Sickness returns to solid Meat which had been forbidden him during his Illness, and the rather since the Disease was occasioned by Repletion.

I understand you well enough, said *Damon*; but when a Patient is upon his Recovery, don't you know he has commonly a mighty Appetite, especially for such Meats as he was kept from during his Sickness?

I know it very well, reply'd *Pamphilus*, and for that reason a Regimen is order'd till such time as the Stomach be in a Condition to digest all sorts of Meats and convert them into good Blood. And therefore after the Prescription of six Years I just now mention'd, I wou'd have the Painters copy two or three Years without intermission the Pieces of *Titian*, and of others who were Masters of Colouring; and to use their utmost Endeavours to discover the knack of it, till they have con-

tracted a good Habit, and become able to make use of all their Colours to a good Purpose.

The *Regimen* is wonderful, said *Damon* smiling, but I don't hold the Execution of it to be easy: such Pictures which you require, that is well manag'd as to the Lights and Shades are very scarce, and not without difficulty to be procur'd for any considerable time.

Love is an ingenious thing, reply'd *Pamphilus*: full of Contrivance; and when once we love heartily, we think nothing difficult.

What, said I, wou'd you have a Painter treat his Art as a Lover does his Mistress?

Yes, reply'd *Pamphilus*, if he desires to be caress'd by her in his turn: and therefore I said e'en now, that the surest way to obtain the good Graces of Painting was to deserve 'em. It is true there are but few fine Pictures to copy: but if he cannot always get Originals, he must be contented with excellent Copies; let him only finish the good Places, and, if he pleases, neglect the rest: let him often visit the Cabinets of private Gentlemen, and the King's whenever he can.

You abandon your Friend *Rubens* I see, interrupted *Damon*. Are you fallen out with him since I heard you so much extol his Works?

I was just going to speak of him when you interrupted me, said *Pamphilus*, tho' I have nothing to add to what I have said of him heretofore. I shall only say, since we are fallen upon this Subject, that the best Counsel I can give to
a Pain-

a Painter (if I were capable of giving him any) shou'd be once a Week for the space of a Year to visit the Gallery of *Luxembourg*, to lay all things else aside, and to spare nothing for that purpose. That day wou'd be undoubtedly the best spent of any in the Week. *Rubens* is methinks the Man of all Painters who has made the Road to Colouring more easy and clear of Incumbrances; and the Work I speak of, is the friendly Hand to deliver the Painter from the Shipwreck wherein he may be innocently engag'd.

— And ought to be added to the *Regimen*, said *Damon* smiling. I know well enough, continued he, that *Rubens* is one of your Hero's in Painting, and that you have always esteem'd the Gallery of *Luxembourg* as one of the finest Things in *Europe*, if we except (you'll say) the Manner of the Design, in many Places. But every body has not your Palate, and those who are of a contrary Opinion, say that there is but little Truth in *Rubens's* Works when narrowly examin'd, that the Colours and Lights are exaggerated, that they are only Specious, and in short that it is not as Nature is commonly seen.

Specious! cry'd *Pamphilus*, wou'd to God, Friend *Damon*, the Pictures that are drawn now-a-days were *So Specious*! Are you ignorant that Painting is nothing but *Speciousness*, that it is its Essence to deceive, and the greatest Deceiver in that Art is the greatest Painter. Nature is of her self ungrateful, and he that aims at copying her simpl

as she is, and without Artifice, shall always produce something poor and of a very mean manner. What you call Exaggeration in the Colours and Lights, is an Act of wonderful Ingenuity which represents the painted Objects truer (if one may so say) than the true ones themselves. And thus the Pictures of *Rubens* are more beautiful than Nature her self, who seems to be nothing but a Copy of that great Man's Works. And tho' the things after a narrow Examination shou'd not be exact, as you suppose, what matters it, provided they appear so; since the End of Painting is not so much to convince the Mind, as to cheat the Eye.

This Artifice, says *Damon*, I think marvellous in great Works.

And in those too, reply'd *Pamphilus*; wherein it is apparent *Rubens* has made it more sensible to such as have a Capacity to attend to it and examine it; for to Persons who have but little Skill therein, nothing is more hidden than that Artifice.

But, interrupted *Damon*, is not *Vandike* to have some Place here?

When I speak of *Rubens*, replies *Pamphilus*, I understand his whole School, as you know very well. However you are in the right to desire we shou'd make particular Account of that illustrious Disciple: since if he had not so much Genius as his Master, nor such a Talent for great Executions, he surpass'd him in many Instances as to certain Delicacies in the Art; and it is undeniable that

that he made livelier and truer Carnations than *Rubens*.

So then, you wou'd be very much astonish'd, said *Damon*, to see a sudden Change in the Painters that have got into a Habit of ill Colouring.

I shou'd so, replied *Pamphilus*; for they take a Method very opposite to that which I just now mention'd; but what surprizes me extremely, is that most of those who commend and admire well colour'd Pictures, far from taking the Pains so much as to endeavour to imitate 'em in what they do themselves, they expect Commendations for their own Performances, which as to that Part are very short of 'em. Judge you then if there's any Room to hope for so sudden a Change, which cannot be effected but by making good Use of seeing fine things.

However, interrupted *Damon*, there are a great many fine Pictures in *Paris*.

You say true, replied *Pamphilus*; but tho' every Body looks upon 'em, every Body does not see 'em; and whatever each Man sees, is only in proportion to his Knowledge. The Crowd of our Painters, for Example, admire the Works of *Peter Testa*, which are a Chaos of Maggots, and at the same time never heard the Name of *Otho Vanius*, whose Works most certainly deserve a great deal of Praise.

Otho Vanius! repeats *Damon*: Is not that he who did the Emblems of *Horace*, those of Divine and Prophane Love, and the Life of *St. Thomas Aquinas*?

The

The same, answer'd *Pamphilus*.

It is true, I never heard any Painter speak of him, continued *Damon*, perhaps it was because he did not do a great many things.

For that reason, reply'd *Pamphilus*, they ought to be the more valu'd and preserv'd with the greater Care.

But methinks, said *Damon*, his Figures are a little of the shortest.

If that excellent Man, answers *Pamphilus*, has at any time drawn his Figures somewhat short, he has wherewithal, in other respects, to make himself sufficiently esteem'd. He had a Genius, easy, prudent, moderate, and never borrow'd any thing from another. He gave his Figures what Character of Passion he pleas'd, and the Expressions of it are generally beautiful and natural. The Feet and Hands are correctly drawn, the Drapery well thrown, the Folds fine, and in the proper Places to discover agreeably the Naked, and to preserve the Bulk of it. But what is most excellent in his Works, is an admirable understanding of the Lights and Shades on each particular Figure, and throughout the whole OEconomy of the Work. In short, a great deal of Skill is discoverable in every part: Nor will you wonder at it, when I tell you that he was *Raphael's* Master. And yet with all these Advantages, the Books you just now mentioned continue in Oblivion, and as it were buried to the Painters we speak of, who know nothing of them.

We

We are not to wonder at that, said *Damon*, for I fancy there are but very few who have a Relish for such Effects of Lights. But is it only in the Books of *Otho Vanius*, that this agreeable Artifice of Day and Night is to be met with?

No certainly, replied *Pamphilus*; whatever we meet with that is well grav'd after the Works of *Titian*, or after those of the School of *Rubens*, furnishes us likewise with the Knowledge of it.

Pray what do you call well grav'ing? replied *Damon*, is it cutting the Plate boldly, like *Goltius*? or neatly like *Bloemart* and *Natalis*?

Neither precisely, replied *Pamphilus*. As for the first Manner, which you attribute to *Goltius*, it is not very proper there; since a good Graver shou'd not, if possible be known by his Work; he ought barely so to manage it, that the Plate he graves have the same Effect (except as to Colour) as the Picture he proposes to imitate.

Do not all Gravers do so, said *Damon*?

No truly, replied *Pamphilus*, there are few that know how to do it, especially when they are to grave a Picture that is well colour'd and well order'd as to the Lights and Shades. They imitate the Figures as if they were Sculpture, and one and the same Colour. But is the Oppositions which happens in Pictures; from the different tones of Colours, contri-

F bute

bute extreemly to give 'em strength, it is no wonder their Plates seem lifeless, and that instead of creating an Esteem for the Originals, they tend only to dishonour them: Not that it is always necessary to imitate the Bodies of the Colours by the Degrees of the *Claro-obscuro*: but there often happens occasions where it must be indispensably done. As for the neat manner which you attribute to *Bloemart* and *Natalis*, they are without Contradiction most agreeable when the things I just now mention'd occur therein: But among all the Plates wherein we see this neat Artifice of the *Claro-obscuro*, those grav'd after *Rubens's* Works, seem to me incomparably beautiful.

But I, says *Damon*, have met with some Painters of our own Country, and very ingenious ones too, who cou'd not endure these Plates because they said, they savour'd of the Dutch.

If by *savouring of the Dutch*, reply'd *Pamphilus*, they mean drawn in a manner that savours of the Air of their Country, I can excuse them that Nicety; but if by *savouring of the Dutch*, they mean, that they have a grand Effect; and cheat the Eye with Objects that seem true and with the Artifice of Lights and Shades which they have not been used to see elsewhere, they are then certainly in the wrong. Things ought to be esteemed according to their Value. There is no Picture perfect, and the finest are not esteemed such, but comparatively, as they are less faulty. It is there-

therefore ridiculous to despise a Piece that has but one bad place, when it is commendable in a great many others. If the Designing part is not that which ought most to be esteemed in *Rubens's* Plates, there are other Parts enough to make them valuable, and which, unhappily for the Painters you speak of, are not at all known by them; and their manner of rejecting them is one great Proof of their Ignorance.

Here I interrupted them by asking what the Academy had concluded on this Subject.

Nothing, answer'd *Pamphilus*; and I think they have done wisely: People shou'd not be over-hasty in making Conclusions; it is good to debate again and again such things as are of any Consequence; Conviction does not always come on a sudden; and what has been condemn'd one Day, has been approv'd of the next, upon better Grounds. The Truth ought to be seriously fought after, and yielded to when once we have found it.

You say well, cry'd *Damon*; this is the third Conference that has been held on this Subject: But if any thing had been decided, wou'd it have been a Crime to be of a contrary Opinion, or to propose one's Reasons?

I do not think it wou'd, said *Pamphilus*; Truth ought always to be well receiv'd, and we shou'd bend the Knee before her at all times and in all Places.

Damon

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